MONTE CRISTO OF THE SOUTH.

A SPECTACULAR PLUTOCRAT IS ASTONISHING MACON, MO.

Saves the Town's Carnival From Disaster by Supplying Electric Light in Emergency-Contributes a Water Supply and Hires a \$1,000 Special Train.

MACON Mo., June 3.-After the colored street lights and various Illuminating devices had been installed last week for the carnival, the big Corliss engine at the electric light power house, with a perversity characteristic of the Missouri mule, blew out its cylinder head and smashed some score of important parts about it which only an engineer could name. Hundreds of dollars had been spent 'n preparing for the illuminations which were to be the main feature of the carnival, and the people

The lighting plant is a municipal affair, and the city fathers divided into committees and journeyed to manufacturing towns to see what could be done instantly to repair the damage. The earliest delivery of new parts promi ed by a ybody was two weeks, and the carnival was to Legin on Monday.

About this time Col. F. W. B'ees, who was looking after som business interests in Texas, telegraphed the Mayor to connect the municipal wires with the Blees carriage factory dynamos and that he would keep a night en ineer on duty.

It solved the problem. Carnival stock went up, and ever body was happy. It saved the enterprise from failure and put thousands of dollars in the pockets of the tradesmen which else would never have found thei way there. The carriage factory was behind with Texas orders, how ever, and to furnish power for the carnival thad to lay off the night shift of 300 men.

During the drought of 1901 the stream which supplies the town with water went dry, and the reservoirs were exhausted. In the parks at the Blees Military Academy were two 'mmense articial lakes, the only water that survived the grought that year The town had heavy contracts to supply the railroads with water for improvement work then going on in the city and for their locomotives.

So dry had things become in the country and were charging thirsty travellers for a drink of water. At this time, too, Col. Blees's voluntary generosity rescued the town from a dilemma that threatened complete business prostration. He installed

A few years ago the Colonel taught a go seek him. small private school here and was in extremely modest circumstances. He knew that one day a great German estate would be his, but didn't say much about it. Probably not more than a dozen people here knew of his great expectations, and even those who had heard of them supposed stories of fabulous Fatherland fortunes awaiting American citizens, which somehow failed to get across the ocean.

But Col. Blees's fortune got here. His father had extensive interests in coal and fron mines. Some of these properties were in litigation, and for a while there was finally won out and had more money than finally won out and had more money than he knew what to do with. Then he passed to his fathers and Col. Blees crossed the ocean to wind up the estate in the old country. When he returned in a few months he was as quiet and unostentatious as he had always been. He abandoned his little school and lived quietly for a year or two. People began thinking that the story of the German estate was overrated.

But after recovering his health, which had been impaired by overwork in the school, and his more recent toil over the intricacies of the family possessions, he had the property of the school of the family possessions, he had the passed to wind the passed the hills and night succeeds him. Then you may see me hieing to the bosom of some placid pond or quiet eddy where the stars are mirrored, and the hush of a summer evening hovers, and the whippoorwill crones its love song along the sedgy borders, and the wind comes down from the hills and night succeeds him. Then you may see me hieing to the bosom of some placid pond or quiet eddy where the stars are mirrored, and the hush of a summer evening hovers, and the whippoorwill crones its love song along the sedgy borders, and the wind comes down from the hills and night succeeds him. Then you may see me hieing to the bosom of some placid pond or quiet eddy where the stars are mirrored, and the hush of a summer evening hovers, and the wind comes down from the hills and plays gently here and there on the water's star-gemmed surface; what time I sit in my borrowed boat and bob and bob for eels.

"Should the night turn out to be one of for eels, even then cheerfulness not only does not desert me, but rather prompts me to still further effort in my beloved at and proves my adaptability.

began building a residence here. It turned out to be the handsomest in the city Across the street from that he built a stable that is larger and finer than any in town. He next acquired several hundred acres of rolling prairie land south of the city limits and at a cost of \$500,000 put up a military academy and tributary buildings, which for magnificence surpass anything in the West.

That was an eve opener, and the people began to talk about the Colonel and his wealth. The country school teacher had almost at a bound become a citizen of importance. The Republicans of the First district nominated him for Congress, with the possible hope of determining just how many ducats the barrel contained. But the Colon el wasn't hunting glory, and, besides, the district is nearly 5,000 to the good for the Democrats.

Col. Blees next built a carriage factory that cover a block and is three stories high. The world was scoured to find expert foremen for the various departments and there has not been a day since this establishment was started five years ago that a good mechanic could not get a job at top-notch figures. The output goes principally to the West and South.

A shear factory and a newspaper were the next enterprises put on their feet by the up-ending of the Colonel's barrel. The people began to inquire as to the extent of the legacy. They could understand the dimensions of a fortune that enabled an heir to build an academy, a factory or two, and put up a beautiful home, but whe a layman begins to invest in newspaper property even the most indifferent becomes interested and wonders how long he will

If anybody knows how many dollars the Colonel possesses he hasn't told it. A friend once put the question to the Colonel himself. The two were in the office of the carriage factory.

"Do you really want to know?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, yes," said the inquirer. "I would be delighted with the information." Col. Blees began pulling out books and ledgers and making a memorandum. He

worked on and his friend began to get "See here, Colonei," he said. "I don't

want to put you to a whole lot of trouble. How long is it going to take to do that?" "Oh, I think I can give you an approxi-

mate estimate in about half a day; but of course it will have to be based on yesterday's values in stock. I don't like to guess at such things." The subject was dropped.

The subject was the carcus it, as the circumstances might require, I felt that I could display mine with a full and proud heart, for I saw none that adorned a basket better that the trout that lay in mine. I opened my dropped.

Some St. Louis friends-a party of seven -had been invited to enjoy a Thanksgiving -had been invited to enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner with the Colonel's family. One hundred and seventy-two miles of Missouri hills and prairies lay between. Col. Blees at it myself. 'Aren't they beauties?' went to the manager of one of the trunk lines connecting the two places, said that he had a few friends who would take Thanks

"All right," said the manager; "we'll give you a locomotive, baggage car and

"It must make the run in quicker time

"Can you do it? The other road will." Do you know what that means, Colonel? asked the manager. "We'll have to lay out some of the most important passenger trains on the line, stop a track repairing gang above St. Charles for a day and keep all the trains off the main line at the divi sion for half an hour. Why, that will cost

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a thousand dollars" "I didn't ask you about the cost of it," said Col. Blees. "I asked you could you do

"Oh. ves: we'll do it." They did; the train reached Macon just wo minutes ahead of the time necessary to break all records between the two points. The largest engine and the best enginemen

on the road were employed. Every station along the line was crowded with spectators to see the Blees special fly through. It was a fine advertisement. Maybe the Colonel had a little thought of this in making his contract. For their parts in the enterprise each member of he crew received a tiny gold souvenir.

Because of this incident some said that ol. Blees had no idea of the value of money. They said an outlay of \$300 would have carried his friends into Macon just as well as \$1,000 and that he would have been \$700 to the good. But that \$700 brought in more orders for carriages and interested a greater number of people in the Blees Military Academy than three times that amount would have done in advertising in the trade journals and magazines.

Last year Col. Blees was enrolled as member of the bar. He is also a master with the broadsword and a dead shot with a pistol. He is a baseball crank and has built up a winning nine out of his academy students.

HIS CHEERFUL ADAPTABILITY. Frank Confessions of an Angler to Whom All Fish Are Game.

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, Pa., June 6 .- "I am frank to admit, and rather glory in it, said the Rural Philosopher, "that I am what somebody who seemed to know has happily called an 'angler of cheerful adapt-

"Thus, if I go out after pike or jack salmon, or black bass, or trout, and come in successful contact with neither pike, nor jack salmon, nor bass, nor trout, disappointment does not sit on my soul nor disconten sour my temper. Smilingly and unrufthat farmers had their wells padlocked fled I turn, then, perhaps, to the luring of the striking fish of the broad brow and generous mouth, the bullhead.

"If this bewhiskered and behorned denizen of muddy bottoms stands aloof and refuses to be tempted by my bait, with a pumping engine at the lakes and ran pipes | lingering cheerfulness I can adapt my tackle to connect with the water mains of the city. to the build and habit of the silver-scaled The water held out until the fall rains came. but prickly shouted chub, and straightway

"If fate, or the weather, or dearth of chubs foils my intent to persuade any member of this particular piscatorial family that it is much better to lie snug and cosev in a nice warm creel than it is to be rooting around, cold and wet, among cheerles stones at the bottom of a swirling eddy, them near kin to the many newspaper I waste no time lamenting, but mayhap seek the rocky borders of the stream where the pugnacious sunfish frisks and darts his pumpkin seed form in and out of shaded hiding places, and try my wiles and worms

"Should even the mottled sunfish prove unkind, I am a brother in cheerful adaptadoubt as to the result. But the father | bility still, and will wait content until the sun drops behind the hills and night suc-

> and proves my adaptability

"Thus prompted, it is safe to say that I will quietly seek the home of the rustic urchin who has been fishing all day—I having, perhaps, kept meanwhile, a kindly and approving eye on him—and withou and approving eye on him and without complaint or protest in my heart or mind, buy his fish, fetch them in, and relate how deftly and with what joy and ease I yanked them from their haunts, deep in the pools and among the dancing ripples-tust ame as any common, every-day fisher-

And that reminds me. "Once on an opening day of the trout season I sought the waters of a favorite stream to tempt the firstlings of the brook. Others were on the stream with the same

Others were on the stream with the same glad purpose.

"During the early part of the day I had sport edifying to me and complimentary to my skill. I had such success that, not calculating then upon the sometime fickleness of trout, and believing the same delightful success would be mine all day, I repulsed with scorn an uncouth but expert rustic who approached me with a nice creel of big ones and cast out unmistakable hints of a desire on his part to barter them away for spot cash. The rustic departed.

"Soon afterward the trout ceased all contemplation of my flies, nor would they even consider the possibilities of the red and wriggling worm, to which I had cheerfully adapted myself. This turn in my luck continued until it was getting my luck continued until it was getting toward time to quit the stream and go

"I had some meritorious trout in my creel, but not enough to give me such stand-ing for the day as I thought my reputation as an angler deserved. Then I regretted the cast-off rustic and his fair loot of the

brook, and forthwith set about inding him.

"I found him, and to my joy learned that he had the trout still in his possession. The spirit of barter was still alive within him, but he had taken his fish home. If I wanted them, though, he said, he would go at once and fetch them to me. I told him to go, and I lay in wait for his return at a secluded spot.

"The rustic appeared in good time. He had the trout wrapped in a snowy napkin.

The rustic appeared in good time. He had the trout wrapped in a snowy napkin. I handed him my creel, and stood apart to guard against unwelcome surprise by any other fisherman who might come that way, while the rude barterer of his catch transferred it from the napkin to my creel.

"He made the transfer, received his

"He made the transfer, received his price, and went his way, while I, with conscience serene and inward congratulation on my cheerful adaptability as an angler, returned to the creek and fished and fished again among my fellows. I landed no more trout, but fortune's frown then concerned

me not at all.

"When, after a while, the party was all aboard the train homeward bound, and each fisherman, as was the custom with us, on opening day, began to show to his companions his catch for the day, and to boast of it, or to excuse it, as the dreumstances."

"An envious angler hastened to inspect

at it myself. 'Aren't they beauties?'
'Yes, they surely are,' said the envious angler, holding up a big trout from my basket. 'I've fished this brook for many years,' said he, 'and I never saw finer ones. giving dinner with him and that he wanted them transported on a train that would make a record.

"All right," said the manager: "we'll "I looked. The uncouth rustic's addition

to my catch lay on top in the creel. And he had dressed 'em all ready for the pan! "I am an angler of cheerful adaptability still. I am frank to admit it, and rather than any train ever made it before," said the Colonel.

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"I am also frank to admit that the thoughtlessness of that uncouth rustic that opening day disturbed my cheerfulness just a bit."

ENGLAND'S UNKNOWN NELSON.

THE MAN WHO WOULD COMMAND HER NAVY IN CASE OF WAR. Admiral Sir John Fisher Scarcely Known

Outside the Service-The Greatest Post in the Empire Held by the Son of a Singhalese Woman-Stories of His Iron Will-His Ability as a Sailor.

Ask any man in the British Navy who will e England's next Nelson if she has to engage to-morrow in a war with some Continental Power and he will unhesitatingly

Why, Jacky Fisher, of course." Everybody in the British Navy knows Fisher — Admiral Sir John Arbuth-not Fisher, K. C. B., — and believes that he is the strongest and ablest in the service. The officers of the foreign navies respect him for his strategical skill and technical ability in handling a fleet. But the world at large hardly knows his name.

Very few of his fellow subjects could say offhand who is Britain's chief Admiral, and yet he holds the greatest post in the British Empire to which a subject can aspire. His work is more responsible than that of the Prime Minister, because he is the first man in the fighting fleets "whereon, as the articles of war say, "under the good providence of God the wealth, peace and safety of the country doth chiefly depend.

The strangest thing about this man who bears upon his shoulders the weight of the British Empire is that he is not an Englishman at all, in the strict sense of the word His father was a captain in the Seventyeighth Highlanders, who settled in Ceylon, and his mother was a Singhalese woman of THE CLOUDS

his gun crew at drill. Fisher passed by and noticed a mistake.

"Lord, stiffen the Dutch!" he exclaimed.

"Can't you see your sights are incorrect?"

The Dutchman called the crew to attention, saluted the Admiral, and remarked, in a solemn, prayerful tone:

"Lord, stiffen the English! Carry on there men!"

"Lord, stiffen the English: Carry on there, men!"

Fisher, usually the sternest of disciplinarians, laughed and walked on. He is never happier than when he has a new story to tell against himself.

Stern toward men, he is pleasant to women. He never goes into port, if he can help it, without giving a ball on his flagship. He was a great favorite with Queen Victoria, and was deeply attached to her.

Queen Victoria, and was deeply attached to her.

When the French Admiral Gervais visited Portsmouth some years ago, with his fleet. Fisher was told off by the Admiralty to do the honors to him. The Queen called him to Osborne and said:

"Sir John, we have sent for you especially to ask you to be very nice to Admiral Gervais, as he was so kind to us when we were recently at Cimiez."

"Madam," replied Jacky, gallantly, "I will even kiss him, if your Majesty wishes it."

Sir John Fisher is honored by his political Sir John Fisher is honored by his political superiors and the permanent heads of the Admiralty because he is the one man in the British Navy who always holds his tongue. In a career of over forty years he has never spoken or written a word for publication he has never been guilty of the slightest indiscretion. In these days of garrulous Generals and argumentative Admirals that is a record worth having.

garrulous Generals and argumentative Admirals that is a record worth having.

This strong, silent man has a horror of notoriety. This trait in his character made it impossible for him to get along amicably with Lord Charles Beresford when the latter was his second in the Mediterranean a couple of years ago. Lord Charles is a fine sailor, but Fisher regarded him as a leaky vessel, incurably fond of talking when he ought to hold his tongue.

As one of his fellow officers has remarked, England's unknown Nelson has "risen by dint of sheer brain power, continuity of



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ARBUTHNOT FISHER.

high rank. Thus he has a strain of Oriental blood in his veins.

It shows very slightly in his face; only persons who have lived in the East are able to detect it. In countenance Admiral Fisher shows the characteristics of a bulldog, and he has that simple, bluff, hearty manner which is associated with the typical John Bull

John Bull. Sometimes his subordinates and foreign Sometimes his subordinates and foreign diplomatists with whom he has to do are deceived by this manner into thinking him an finocent, guileless sallorman with plenty of pluck, but no brains. They discover too late that a touch of Oriental

cover too late that a touch of Oriental subtlety is grafted on Anglo-Saxon directness and iron will and that Fisher has been playing them with Asiatic craft.

"Jacky," as he is always called in the navy, was one of Great Britain's representatives at The Hague Peace Conference. One who was present says that nobody made a greater impression than he upon the careacter of the great that great the great that great the great that great the great the great that grea

the assembled diplomatists of the great Powers.

He holds the opinion that humane war-

He holds the opinion that humane warfare is both foolish and cruel, and he advanced that opinion at the conference with consummate skill.

"When you have to wring a chicken's neck," he said, "all you think about is wringing it quickly. You don't give the chicken intervals for refreshment and recuperation. It should be the same with warfare."

Fisher does not hesitate to say that any war he may have to make will be hell. He has a bitter hatred of submarine vessels has a bitter hatred of submarine vessels and their crews, and frequently declares that if he catches the latter in time of war he will string them up to the yardarm, even if he has to face a court-martial after-

ward.

He showed the sternness of his nature He showed the sternness of his nature after the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. As Captain of the Inflexible, he had the task of organizing a police force and repressing disorder and looting after the capture of the city. He shot the guilty on sight and restored order in a few hours. Some of his intimate friends, even officers of his own ship, were caught with looted goods. They begged in vain for mercy. He had all of them court-martialed and severely punished.

severely punished.

Admiral Fisher's subordinates respect him, but do not love him. He works them too hard for that, and is too quick to detect their faults. He toils from 5 o'clock in their faults. He tous from and expects the morning until 9 at night, and expects to do the same. Men who have served under him are apt to curse whenever his name is mentioned.

Fisher knows this, and takes a sardonic pleasure in it. He is fond of telling the story of an old boatswain who served under his interest of the story of an old boatswain who served under

him in several ships.

The boatswain eventually retired The boatswain eventually retired on pension, and Fisher paid him a visit at his country cottage in Devonshire. He noticed a man-servant about the place, who seemed to have nothing to do, and asked his host:

"What on earth do you want him for?"
"Well, sir," said the boatswain, "he has

"Well, sir," said the boatswain, "he has to call me every morning at 5 o'clock and say, 'Admiral wants to see you, sir.' I roll over on the other side of the bed and reply, 'Tell the Admiral to go to the devil.' Then I go to sleep again, feeling good.

"This happens half a dozen times a day, and I feel better every time. I've been waiting for it for twenty years."
Fisher has a fine fund of sea stories, and tells them capitally. When he commanded the British North American and West Indian squadron he had a gun capitain on the Resquadron he had a gun captain on the Re-nown who was a Dutchman by descent.

A favorite oath in the British navy when anything goes wrong, is "Lord, stiffen the Dutch!" It dates back to the days when Van Tromp hoisted a broom to the masthead of his flagship as a sign that he meant to drive the English from the sees.

One day the Dutchman was exercise

purpose, clearsightedness and conspicuous ability to the position he now holds." The son of an obscure man, he has attained

son of an obscure man, he has attained the highest rank in the service, where aristocratic influence counts for much.

After he retired from the command of England's most important fleet, the Mediterranean, he became Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty. As such, he is commander-in-chief of the British Navy, issuing his commands to the Admirals of all the fleets. If war broke out he would probably take command of the Channel squadron, if time permitted. In any case, the responsibility command of the Channel squadron, if time permitted. In any case, the responsibility for planning and directing the campaign would rest with him. He is incessantly preparing for it, whether the political horizon looks dark or clear. The Von Moltke of the British navy, his ships will be found as ready for war when the storm breaks as the German General's soldiers were in 1870.

were in 1870. - He sits in his office in London and knows. "He sits in his office in London and knows, without needing to refer to documents or cablegrams, exactly where every ship of his navy is to-day and where it will be to-morrow. He knows whether the commander is a good officer, whether he drinks, whether he is a fop, whether he is liked by his crew—in fact everything about him. "Confound him," said an officer, who served under him in the West Indies, "I believe he could tell you the exact number of cocktails I drink every time I go ashore."

To this encyclopædic knowledge is joined the faculty of prompt action and utter fearlessness. He proved his courage over and over again in the Crimean War, the China war of 1859-60, and the bombardment

of 1859-60, and the bombardment

of Alexandria.

"His will is tron," said one of his Mediterranean officers, "and his nerves are Harveyized Krupp steel." Several years ago he was at Lisbon with

squadron. Relations were strained between Germany and England.

Just before the English ships left, a
German fleet of twice the strength entered the harbor, with the idea of impressing the Portuguese, and drew up in double line off the town. Fisher exchanged salutes, and then led his vessels out of the harbor at full speed between the two German lines, with only twenty or thirty yards clear on either side.

It was a margeners that might have

clear on either side.

It was a manœuvre that might have wrecked a dozen ships, and only a man of iron nerve could have carried it out successfully. But he had trained his squadron well. Not a single vessel swerved a yard from the wake of his flagship. Amazed at his daring the Germans cheered as he passed by their ships.

passed by their ships.
Sir John Fisher is one of the hardest working men in King Edward's service. Here is an account of one of his typical days at sea, as mapped out by his Flag Lieutenant.

5 A. M.—Rises Writes hard until 7

 Then walks around the ship.
 M.—Breakfasts with chief of the 8 A. M.—Breakfasts with chief of the staff, Flag Captain, Flag Lieutenant, secre-tary and guests the latter usually including a couple of midshipmen, to whom the meal s an awful ordeal.

is an awful ordeal.

9 A. M.—Office work, including much correspondence with the Admiralty, Ambassadors, Consuls, Governors of colonies and authorities of foreign countries.

10 A. M. to 1 P. M.—Directs fleet management nœuvres.
1 P. M.—Luncheon.
2 P. M.—More manœuvres, lasting through

he afternoon 5 P. M.—More correspondence. 7:30 P. M.—Dinner. 9 to 10 P. M.—More correspondence, then bed.
Ashore, Sir John Fisher works harder, if that he possible. He has no pleasures, except an occasional dance. His entire life is devoted to keeping the British Navy in perfect readiness to fight an enemy in any part of the world at a moment's notice. OVER KANSAS

There Are Sickly Green Ones and Pinkish Purple Ones and Gray Keg-Shaped Ones and All Do Stunts.

The man with the bulgy, black-glazed oag, rusty-seamed black store clothes, strap-encircled black sombrero, unbiacked top boots, knobby, freckled hands with black nail-tips, and solemn, sandy visage, was leaning out of a smoking room window of the Er'e station in Jersey City watching the dust-raising and paper-scattering didoes of an inconsequent al squall from off the

"Right cunnin' little zephyrs, hain't they?" he remarked, somewhat ironically, to the man who was smoking the inch and-a-half clay pipe.

"The wind gits a hull lot mussy here 'casionally," was the reply of that contented-looking individual.

"Wind?" said the man with the bulgy, black-glazed bag, &c., in a wondering tone. as he moved away from the window and sat alongside the man with the inch-and-ahalf clay pipe. "Wind? Neighbor, lemme ask you somethin': Up aroun' this-a-way you sure don't call such caressin' little breezes as these yere, such cute, coddin' little oat'spaws-say, podner, you sure don't call 'em wind up this-a-way, do you?" "Wouldn't care t' be foolin' 'round down th' bay in a leaky, lop-sided catamaran with this kind o' caressin' breezes blowin, was the non-committal reply of the man

The man with the strap-encircled sombrero looked pained. "Stranger," he inquired, "did you ever

with the close-hauled pipe.

set foot in Kansas?" "Not 'thout I was walkin' in my sleep, calmly replied the man with the sawed-off smoke. "But they tell me that she's a hulf few out there w'en it comes t' wind."

"Wind, stranger? Wind!" hoarsely exclaimed the man with the store clothes, through the meshes of the two ounces of fine cut which he proceeded to stuff into his left cheek as a preliminary to extended conversation. "Podner, there's enough wind stored up in jes' the little out-o'the-way corners of Kansas to supply the typhoon belt of the South Seas f'r a million years! Lemme tell you something that happened at sixteen minutes past 3 o'clock on the aft'noon of July the sixth last year right near my town.

"There's two rival railroads paralleling each other and 'bout 614 yards apart running through my town. At sixteen minutes past 3 o'clock on the aft'noon of July the 8th last year a freight train, consistin', of forty-eight open-work cars, engine and caboose, and all o' the open-work cars loaded with sheep on their way to Kansas City f'r shearin' and slaughterin', was on the track of the railroad to the east of my town while the engine was taking on water. The train stood on a level stretch o' ground 'bout half a mile south o' the

" 'Long comes one o' them sickly-green dipper-handled clouds and swoops broadside upon that sheep-loaded freight train before the engineer has time to pull open the throttle and get out o' the cloud's path. Wind? Well, what d'ye s'pose happened?

"The wind out o' that sickly-green, dipper-handled cloud jes' picked up that train and carried it 614 yards through the air and deposited it jes' as slick as a elmbranch whistle on the track of the rival railroad over t' the westward. The wheels of the engine, caboose and all o' them ning of railroadin' west o' the Big Muddy, and, what's more, the pistons of the engine never stopped workin' while the train was in the air, so that when it lit on the track o' the rival railroad the engine went right on pullin'.

"The train was going along all right toward Kansas City, on'y on the track o' the rival railroad."

"The train was going along all right toward Kansas City, on'y on the track o' the rival railroad control of the rival railroad was built for a spire as ever you seen since you was born. We knowed that it wa'ant on miracle, either, but toward the prairie second generation is so easily absorbed in the American body politic, while the first clings tenaciously to Old World customs.

"But the drab-gray, keg-shaped cloud wa'ant the on'y thing we seen. We seen as handsome, well-fittin', green-painted a spire atop o' that corner of our church that was built for a spire as ever you seen since you was born. We knowed that it wa'ant no miracle, either, but toward the prairie second generation is so easily absorbed in the American body politic, while the first clings tenaciously to Old World customs.

"My wife and I," said Antonio Sabrolla, from Rome, to the first on the track of the on'y thing we seen. We seen as handsome, well-fittin', green-painted a spire atop o' that corner of our church that a spire atop o' that corner of our church that wa'ant make them like your children."

"But the drab-gray, keg-shaped cloud wa'ant the on'y thing we seen. We seen as handsome, well-fittin', green-painted a spire atop o' that corner of our church that a spire atop o' that corner of our church that wa'ant on miracle, either, but toward the prairie atop o' the first clings tenaciously to Old World customs.

"But the drab-gray keg-shaped cloud wa'ant the on'y thing we seen. We seen as handsome, well-fittin', green-painted a spire atop o' that corner of our church that wa'ant the on'y will work and the first clings tenaciously to Old World customs.

"But the drab-gray keg-shaped cloud in the American body polit forty-eight sheep-loaded cars come down

wrong railroad, when that onnery green cloud suddenly swooped again, this time from straight ahead, and blamed if it didn't push that train back seventy-two miles and 'cross the Nebraska border spite of all the steam the engineer could clap on to make a little headway again

the wind, or even t' hold his ground. "Made all sorts o' trouble, that stunt of the measly green cloud did. There wa'n't no way that the engine and caboose and forty-eight sheep-loaded cars could be got back t' the track where they belonged got back t' the track where they belonged from the track of the rival, parallelin' railroad, and the rival railroad was jes' one engine, one caboose and forty-eight open-work cars t' the good, for the court decided that the wind was a act of Providence and couldn't be helped, nohow, and that findin' 's keepin' where the wind is concerned in Kansas.

"But the rival railroad that won out the engine and caboose and all them cars had

engine and caboose and all them cars had to pay the consignee of them forty-eight carloads of sheep for their wool. The sheep was delivered in Kansas City all right. but there wa'ant any more wool on ary last one of 'em than there is on a gourd. The wind jes' ker-whooped through them open-work cars and blew the wool off of every last one of 'em as clean as if they'd been shaved three days under the pelt by a barber. "The green cloud that did all o' this mean-

ness was on'y 'bout five-eights of a mile wide, and it never so much as teched the town where I live, jes' grazin' the outskirts. own where I live, jes' grazin' the outskirts. But, jes' t' show you how powerful the wind was on the outskirts, my brother-in-law, Jeb Sneed, was cleanin' out his well—Jeb's well is a hundred and sixty-three foot deep from the surface t' water—when the aidge of that green wind-cloud come along past the well. past the well.
"The wind jes' sucked Jeb Sneed, my

brother-in-law, out o' that well o' his-that was a hundred and sixty-three foot deep—same as if he'd been a tadpole in a tube of a suction-cistern and a hired man workin' a month.

workin's month.

"There sure was a right tolable breeze close t' the town where I live at sixteen minutes past 3 o'clock on the aft'noon of

minutes past 3 o'clock on the aft'noon of July the sixth, last year."
"Sounds like it might have been some gusty," encouragingly commented the man with the inch-and-a-half clay pipe.
"But," went on the man from Kansas, "them sickly-green, dipper-shaped clouds don't do nothin' like the queer stunts out our way that are done by the pinky-purplish, francel shaped clouds. These pinkyour way that are done by the pinky-purplish, funnel-shaped clouds. These pinky-purplish, funnel-shaped clouds have got a circ'lar, rot'ry motion when they hit the ground, and they're jes' as liable t' take you there and then bring you back again

as not.
"F'r instance, at ten minutes past 'leven on the morning of August the twenty-third, two years ago comin', my little seven-year-old girl, Mildred Matilda Millicent, was swingin' from a swing hitched to the main limb of a big apple tree on the farm of her Aunt Milnda, four miles from my town, where Mildred Matilda Millicent was visitin' where mindred Matunda Mindcent was visitin' durin' the school vacation.

"She was swingin' away, singin' like a cat bird on a clearin' day and happy as a anappin' turtle in katydid time, when one o' them pinky-purplish, funnel-shaped clouds jes' leaned down, as 'twere, on that part of the farm where the high apple tree happened.

them pinky-purpusa, runnershaped jes' leaned down, as 'twere, on that part of the farm where the big apple tree happened to be, picked the apple tree, includin' the swing and Mildred Matilda Millcent, up as if they wa'n't no more'n a cotton tree pod, and began to hike the tree and the swing and Mildred Matilda Millicent—the pore young 'un hangin' on f'r dear life—

round in a circle 'bout three miles and a half in diameter and 'bout two hundred foot up in the air.

"That pinky-purplish cloud carried the big apple tree and the swing and my screamin little daughter 'round in that circle four times in succession—Aunt M'linda, from her kitchen door, saw the tree and the swing with Mildred Matilda Millicent hangin on every time they finished a whirl around the three-and-a-half-mile circle. Then, after whirlin' 'em around in that big circle four straight times, I hope I may never skin another Big Muddy bull-head cat fish if that pinky-purplish, funnel-shaped cloud didn't fetch that tree back right to the spot where it picked it up and plant it again right in the spot where it had been growin' i'r years—all that Aunt M'linda's husband had to do was to pack the soil 'round th' roots again, and the tree went on flourishin' like as if the wind had never teched it. Yielded nine bushel o' russet apples the next fall.

"And Mildred Matilda Millicent wasn't "No; to get work," the official will reply. "About all the liberty they care to possess

ext fall.
"And Mildred Matilda Millicent wasn't hurt a little bit—she was a good deal more skeeart than anythin else. One thing bout that ride o' hers, though, hurt me

bout that ride o' hers, though, hurt me and her maw a lot.

"Before she got picked up and carried 'round by that pinky-purplish, funnel-shaped cloud, Mildred Matilda Millicent had the cutest curls all over her head that you ever seen but when she got back her nan the cutest curis all over her head that you ever seen, but when she got back her hair was straighter'n a Cherokee Injun squaw's. The wind just nachully blowed all o' the kink out of it, and now her maw has t' use the curlin' irons on Mildred Matilda Millicent's hair when the pore little thing wants t' go to a party.

"It sure hurt maw and me a heap the way the wind straightened out that young un's

wind straightened out that young un's air."

"I wouldn't take it t' heart so much if I
was you, Cap," sympathetically remarked
he man with the inch-and-a-half clay

pipe.

"But f'r plumb, bullhead luck," continued the Kansan, "the drab-gray, keg-shaped cloud that shot down our way from Lawrence one Sunday in the early part of September, two year ago last, had morplumb, bullhead luck in it t' the square inc

plumb, bullhead luck in it t' the square inch
than any other drab-gray, keg-shaped
cloud I ever seen before or since.

"All of us three hundred and odd hardshell Baptists livin' in my town was at
meetin' that calm, peaceful Sunday mornin'
in the meetin' house that we had all helped
t' build. The meetin' house was a frame
affair, like most of 'em out my way, and it
was all finished 'ceptin the spire.

"We'd all kind o' drawed out when it
come t' the expense o' puttin' up the spire.

come t' the expense o' puttin' up the spire, and on this calm, peaceful Sunday mornin' the parson was a-roastin' us 'bout our neglectin' t' contribute toward the puttin' lectin' t' contribute toward the puttin up o' that spire. He sure did give it to u good 'bout the way we'd been reniggin over comin' t' the front with the price o

that spire.

"He told us that the grace wa'ant in us, and that he was tired o' wastin' his breath askin' us to donate toward the finishin' of the meetin' house by clappin' the spire onto the corner that was all built and waitin'

for it.

"'Such bein' the case,' he wound up, 'the grace havin' all percolated out o' you and you all havin' become self-indulgent world-lings, I hereby tender, in open session, my resignation as minister o' this congregation, and the person sure did look as mad as a resignation as minister o' this congregation, and the parson sure did look as mad as a cat in a rain barrel as he said these words "But the good old man hadn't no sooner finished speakin' before it suddenly become as dim and dark as twilight in the church, although it were midday, and then we heard the screachin,' shriekin' noise that we all knowed too well. There wa'nt no chance i'r us to get t'our own cyclone cellars and we "r us to get t'our own cyclone cellars and we hadn't' built none 'longside the church, some of us doubtin' whether that wouldn't hadn't some of us doubtin' whether that wouldn't kind o' show a distrust o' benef'cent Providence, and so we jes' nachully held down our pews and waited f'r the church to be picked up and carried wherever the good

Lord meant it to be carried.

"But it wa'ant carried nowhere. The wind on'y shrieked about half a dozen times, and then we heerd a heavy, plumpin', grindin' noise on top o' the church, like as if 'bout a thousand slaters with hobball show was a weekin' in on the reaf

as if 'bout a thousand slaters with hobnail shoes was a-workin' up on the roof.

"The wind died away as sudden as it had
commenced t' scream, and the sun come out
in less'n three minutes later it had become
so dim and dark inside the church. We all
hustled out o' the church t' see which d'rection the blow had taken, and, t' the southwestward we seen a big, drab-gray, kegshaped cloud movin' toward the prairie
horizon at 'bout a ten-mile-a-minute clip,
while overhead the sky was again jes'
as blue as indigo.

head luck.
"Seems t' me, said the parson, lookin' happy all over, 'that that's the spire off the Baptist Church up t' Lawrence,' and happy all over, 'that that's the spire off the Baptist Church up t' Lawrence,' and sure enough, the parson was right, f'r, ten or fifteen minutes later, the station telegraph operator came a-running over, sayin' that he'd just got a wire from Lawrence—Lawrence is thirty-two miles northeast of our town—sayin' that a drab-gray, keg-shaped cloud had hiked toward the southwest carryin' the spire of the Baptist Church along with it, and askin' us t' look out f'r it if it' should happen to pass over our town so's the Lawrence Baptists could trace it and know what become of it.

"And there was the spire, fitted on to our church that needed it bad, as snug as a buckskin glove! Well, the parson said that the Lord 'ud excuse us for doin' manual labor on the Lord's day, in such 'a good cause, and he put all of us men t' work a-nailin' that providential spire t' our church and makin' it fast.

"The Baptist parson from Lawrence come down to our town the next day and made a awful kick t' our parson over his keepin' the spire, but our parson told him that he was disputin' the dispensations o' Divine Providence as manifested by the winds o' the heavens. We all chipped in a little toward the missionary fund o' the Lawrence Baptists t' sort o' square the thing up some, but we virchully got that spire fur nuthin, all the same, and if that drab-gray, keg-shaped clowd wa'an't luckier f'r us than a rabbit dog that springs a flock o' quail ev'ry time he chases his tall

luckier i'r us than a rabbit dog that springs a flock o'quail ev'ry time he chases his tall in the tall grass, then I'm missin' my guess." Just then the outward bound Western train was announced as ready by the station

"So," concluded the man from Kansas grabbing hold of his bulgy black-glazed grip, "if you ever feel like takin' a look at a right smart blow, come out our way, aright smart blow, come out our way, and we'll see if we can't scare up a little breeze jes' t' show you that old Kansas knows how t' make good when she's called upon and ast to. S'long!"

The man with the inch-and-a-half clay pipe rose from his seat with a grin, stretched his arms, and remarked to Dago Giuseppe, the amelias room bootblack:

the smoking room bootblack:

"I ain't makin' no fancy cracks 'bout the wind's stunts out where that feller comes from, because I don't know nothin' bout it, but they ain't no manner o' doubt that there's a lot o' hot air comin' out o'

Kansas!"

A Bombay correspondent writes that much attention continues to be given in India to frontier affairs. The concentration of 180,000 British and Indian troops in the Northwest Province, and the pushing forward of some of the military posts close to the Afghan border, are current topics of bazaar talk. The cause of these movements is said to

be the reported unsettled condition of Afghanistan and the arrival of Russian troops along the northern border of that country. Importance is also attached to a country. Importance is also attached to a visit about to be made by Gen. Kitchener, a brother of the Commander-in-Chief, to Nepal, against whose ruler an alleged plot was recently discovered in India and some of the participants in it arrested at Benares. For some reason or other the British Indian authorities have issued instructions to the frontier officials that all packages taken into Thibet are to be subject to rigid scrutiny, and in no case is steel or iron in any form to be allowed to cross the frontier from India. In one case a small piece of sheet iron, which could not under any circumstances be converted into weapons, was configurated. The convention cumstances be converted into weapons, was confiscated. The consequence is that trade is checked, the belief being that these measures of the Indian Government indicate coming trouble.

About all the liberty they care to possess is the head of the goddess on the American dollar."

The official is both right and wrong. When an immigrant arrives at Ellis Island he is questioned as to his material condition and prospects: "Are you in good health? Are you capable of work, so that you will not become a public charge? What are you going to do when you land?' The man answers: "I can take care of myself and I have come here to do it;" and so the official is right. But he is not required by law to inquire of the man's hopes; and so he is wrong.

A visit to the various pens in the big receiving station, in company with a polyglot interpreter, will substantiate this statement. It will do more. It will show that many an immigrant talks of work first because, dimly or fully, he feels that work and plenty of opportunity to work are at the basis of higher living and liberty. Jan Jablonski, who came from Prussian Poland the other day bound for one of the three Lake cities where Poles are numerous-Chicago, Buffalo or Cleveland

is representative of this class. "Why have you come over here, Jan ablonski?" asked the interpreter.

"For work," was the answer.

"And isn't there any work to be done in Poland?" went on the interpreter.

"Yes."

"Then why have you come here to work?"

"Because there is more work to be done here." "How do you know?"

The Pole searched through a pocket of a heavy coat and pulled out a bundle of soiled and much worn letters. He searched through the pile for a moment, then pulled out one.

out one.

"My brother," he said, as he unfolded the paper, "lives in Chicago. He wrote me that there is much to do here. 'You are not tied down to one kind of labor,' he said 'You can do many things and make money at all. You can get up in the world, if you want to, and you can surely educate your children."

children."

"And you came to do all these things?"
asked the interpreter.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And which do you want to do the most?"

"To work hard to take care of my three
sons and two daughters and educate them,"

was the answer.

This desire to make a better home for the children and to fit them more properly for life has a strong hold on thousands of the fathers and mothers who pass through Ellis Island.

"Little Freda is in school the whole year round," writes a relative or a friend in America.

America.

"My Tony stands at the head of his class," is another message sent to the Old World home.

"All the children are going to school and can read and write, and we can make enough to keep them there," is a frequent

third.

In such manner is America held up to OldWorld parents as the children's paradise, and thousand of immigrant fathers and mothers, who tell the biue-clad officials that they come here to work, come in truth to work for the clinging broads that they bring with them.

Herein may be found the reason why the control of the company absorbed assertion is so assily absorbed.

tioned the interpreter.
Sabrolla shrugged his shoulders.
"We are old," he answered. "A bent olive tree full grown cannot be made straight.

It is enough for us to work to make our children like yours."
A similar answer was given by an Austrian miner bound for the anthracite coal fields Pennsylvania.
"Maybe my sons, when they are through

school, will become storekeepers, like my brother." he said, "and live in a fine house, like Americans, but my woman and I are like Americans, but my woman and I are used to a hut."

Of the single men every one answered, "To work," when asked why he came; but pressed, as were the men of families, many amplified their brief replies.

"To work at many things and to get up and be somebody," said a northern Italian.

"To work for a home for my sweethear, and have her here as my wife. Why.

and have her here as my wife. Why, my brother in Minnesota says this is a fine country to raise a family in," said a Scandinavian.

"To work and do as I damn please, so

"To work and do as I damn please, so long as I don't break a law," was the rejoinder of a bristling Irishman.

"To be left alone at your work and in your home, and not have your property and liberty taken away by the soldiers," was a Finn's answer.

Of the hundred or more immigrants who were interviewed, so to speak, this Finn was the only one who spoke the word liberty. This is explained by the fact that Finland is being roughly Russianized just now, while in the other countries represented among the immigrants questioned no drastic measures have been lately instituted.

Even a half dozen Poles, typical representatives of a liberty loving race, failed to use the word. But they showed their love of country and liberty when the interpreter jokingly asked, "Is Poland dead

The men's shoulders straightened, their eyed blazed.

"Poland is not dead—she will never die!" they cried.
One of these men was Jan Jablonski.

who had previously declared that he came to America in order to give he children a better chance in life. a better chance in life.

"And what is liberty but untrammeled opportunity?" said the interpreter to his companion, after Jablonski's answer had been reiterated by other mouths. "I, myself, fifteen years ago came through as these men are doing now.

"Then I said to myself, 'I am coming here to have a better chance to have a better chance to earn a

here to have a better chance to earn a living. I now know fully what I felt v..guely then—that only in a free land like America can better opportunities be

"Therefore, I really came here that I and mine might have more freedom. For the same reason these immigrants are here at the nation's great doorway waiting to be let in."

What the Joint Snake Really Is.

From the Philadelphia Record. "Nearly everybody," said a Zoo keeper believes in joint enakes-believes in little

relieves in joint anakes—believes in little snakes that can dismember themselves into four or five pieces and then come together again. Sometimes these reptiles are called glass snakes.

"Though there seems to be incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, it is nevertheless a fact that joint snakes, glass snakes, don't exist. There does exist, though a lizard called scientifically Ophiosaurus ventralis, that is the same thing.

"This lizard, because it is long and slim and legless, looks like a snake. Its tall is very delicate. The vertebre are so fragile that the slightest shock causes the tail to break off—to break at the same time, maybe, into three or four pieces. People seeing the lizard—go through this operation think they have seen a joint snake. The tail pieces, of course, can't be taken on again, but the lizard is just as well off, for its tail always grows to its original length. This lizard is to be found in the South and West. We have none here."